Green are the leaves, and sweet the flowers And rich the hues of May; We see them in the garden round, And market panniers gay;
And e'en among our streets, and lanes,
And alleys, we decry,
By fitful gleams, the fair sunshine,
The blue, transparent sky.

CHORUS. O Mother maid, be thou our aid, Now in the opening year; Lest aights of earth to ain give birth, And bring the tempter near.

Green is the grass, but wait awhile, 'Twill grow and then will wither; The flowerets, brightly as they smile, Shall perish altogether;
The merry sun, you sure would say,
It ne'er could set in gloom;
But earth's best joys have all an end, And sin, a heavy doom.

#### OHORUS.

But Mother maid, thou does not fade; With stars above thy brow, And the pale moon beneath thy feet, Forever throned art thou.

The green, green grass, the glittering grove, The heaven's majestic dome, They image forth a tenderer bower, A more refulgent home; They tell us of that Paradise Of everlasting rest, And that high Tree, all flowers and fruit,

The sweetest, yet the bast. O, Mary, pure and beautiful, Thou art the Queen of May; Our garlands wear about thy hair,

And they will never decay. -The Oratory, 1850.

THE WELL-BRED GIRL.

She never laughs or talks loudly in public She never turns around to look after any one when walking on the street. She never takes more than a single glass of

wine at a dinner or enteratinment. She does not wear her monogram about her person or stick it over her letters and end velopes.

She never accepts a valuable present from a gentleman unless engaged to him. She never wears clothing so singular or

striking as to attract particular attention in public, She does not premit gentlemen to join her

acquaintances.

She never snubs other young ladies, even if

She never raises her lorguette and tries to stare, people she don't know out of countenance on the street.

She never forgets her ball room engagements er refuses to dance with one gentleman and immediately dances with another.

She never speak salightingly of her mother, and says she "don't care" whether her behavior meets with maternal approbation or

She never takes supper or refreshments at a restaurant with a gentleman after attending the theater unless accompanied by a lady much older than herself.

# USEFUL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Tepid water with a little borax dissolved in it is good to wash colored table linen in. Cook catmeal in a double belier or in a covered pail set in a kettle of water. Be sure to salt it.

For canker sore mouth, one teaspoonful of borax dissolved in half a pint of water is excellent used as a wash. To clean red brick floors, rub tham with a

brick moistened with a little warm milk and water, and wipe dry with a soft cloth.

dissolved in a little cold water and drank will instantly relieve heartburn.

To clean atraw matting, boil three quarts

of bran in one gallon of water, and wash the matting with the water, drylog it well. If you wish to keep a sharp knife don't put it in hot grease; stir your potatoes while

frying, or turn meat with a fork or an old case knife kept on purpose. Vapor batha will clear the skip. Powdered

charcoal, taken on first rising in the morning, is good. Sometimes a good medicine for biliousness is the remedy required. To remove paint from windows, take atrong

blearbonate of sods and dissolve at in hot water. Wash the glass, and in twenty min-ntes or half an hour rub thoroughly with a Lemons will keep good for months by

simply putting them into a jug of butter-milk, changing the buttermilk about every three weeks. When the lemons are required for use they should be well dried with a

## TAKING CARE OF THE BABY.

A baby that is not kept perfectly sweet and fresh loses half its charm, and is defrauded of its just rights. It should be bathed in warm water every morning, and, as it grows older, the temperature gradually lowered until, at 5 months old, the chill is just taken off the water. Most babies love their bath, and are more apt to scream at being taken out of it. shan when put into it. If there is a shrinking from the plunge, a small blanket can be spread on the tub, the child laid on it, and gently lowered into the tub. At night it should be held on the lap and quickly sponged with a sponge, wrung out of warm water. Its mouth be washed with a soft piece of linen dipped in cool water. All creases where the flesh touches should be powdered with pulverized starch, or any good toilet powder. Tois is most important, and must never be omitted, as the delicate skin easily chafes. Where there is redness, or any symptom of chafing, lycopodium powder should be used; it is most healing, and can be applied even if the skin is broken, When there are frequent discharges, the parts should be washed in thin, boiled starch instead of water. It is criminal

neglect to allow a baby to suffer from chafing. The head requires particular attention. No daintiness in other respects can atone for the disfiguring brown patches which are sometimes allowed to remain there. The top of the head should be well washed with soap and water every morning. If, in spite of this, traces of sourf appear, the spots should be rubbed at night with olive oil, and gently scraped off in the morning. If the application is not successful, it should be repeated until it is. But there will be little trouble if the matter is attended to when the brown flakes first show themselves.

As the baby grows older and the teeth develop, bibs should be provided, if necessary, to protect the front of the dress from the too abundant flow of saliva. Unless carefully watched, kept as dry as possible, and rubbed at times with a little cosmoline, the chin and neck are apt to become chafed.

training cannot be begun too early, and the habit should be firmly cetablished before it is six weeks old. It saves much trouble to the mother and discomfort to the child.

A little baby spends the greater part of its time in sleep. It is as if mature were preparing it for the hattle of life by giving it as much repose as possible before the struggle begins. It should never be awakened unless it sleeps for a long time past the hour for its being fed. To rouse a sleeping child to gratily the curically of vistors or friends is extremely injudicious. As it grows older and is awake more, a pertain time should be fixed for the morning and afternoon map, and for putting it to bed at night. If these hours are advered to, they will generally find a gleepy baby willing to yield to their soothing influence. It is best from the first not to darken the room, nor keep it specially quiet. The child becomes accustomed to sleep through light noises, and they do not waken it. The eyes should be protected from a glare of light by placing the head of the crib toward the window.

A baby should never be allowed to sleep with an older person. The best bed s a stationary crib, with woven wire mattress, and a thin, soft, hair one placed over it. This should be protected by a square of rubber beeting; two must be provided, and the one not in use hung in the open air and sunlight every day. If there is the least trace of an unpleasant smell, the rubber should be washed with some disinfectant solution. The covering should be warm and light. A down comforter is the ideal for winter, if it is well aired in the sun every day or two. In sum-mer an ample musquito netting well raised on a pole, or suspended from a hook, should cover the orth, -Elizabeth Robinson Scovil in Good Housekeeping.

#### A TRIFLING ERROR.

An editor in New Jersey had a little nephew only fix months old, and the little nephew died. Some of the editor's friends considered it would be a good thing to give to the afflicted woole a substantial expression of their sympathies; so they contracted with a local sculptor for a grave stone. The design consisted of an angel carrying the little one in her arm, and flying away, while a woman sat weep. 2 upon the ground. It was executed horribl. The tombstone was sent to the editor, with a simple request that he would accept it. As he was absent, the junior editor de: rmined to acknowledge it, although he had. 's the slightest idea what it meant. So the next day he burst out with the following remarks:

ART NEWS .- Wa have received from the hands of our eminent sculptor, Felix Mulleys, She does not premit gentlemen to join her a comic has relief, designed for an ornamental on the street unless they are very intimate inchesand. It represents a Westerner in his acquaintances.

In a comic has relief, designed for an ornamental inchesance in his acquaintances. Cupid, while his sweetheart hides her head they happen to be less popular or well favored indifferently in the corner. Every true work of art tells its own story; and we understand, as soon as we glance at this, that our western friend has been coquetted with by the fair one, and is pretending to transfer his

love to other quarters. "There is a larking smile on the Cowbov's lips which expresses his mischlevous intentions perfectly. We think is would have been b etter, however, to have cirthed him in something else than a night-shirt, and to have smoothed down his hair. We have placed this chef d'œuvre beneath our parlor mantleplace, where it will surely be admired by our friends when they call. We are glad to encourage such progress in local art."

This was painful. A committee called on the editor when he returned, and explained

the tombstone to him: and that night an assistant editor was seen coming down stairs aix steps at a time and flying up the street without coat or hat, with the editor-in-chief close behind him with a club. Persons desiring the services of an assistant editor can probably find this man by hunting him among the summer boarding houses on the banks of the Yangitse Kiang river. He will remain in Asia until the New Jersey uncle cools off.

Segatti, the maker of the curious table in the Pittl Palace at Florence, must have been of an inventive turn of mind. To the casual observer it gives the impression of a curious mosaic of marbles of different shades and colors, for it looks like polished atone. In reality it is composed of human muscles and viscera. No less than a hundred bodies were requisitioned for the material. The table is round, and about a yard in diameter, with a pedestal and four claw feet, the whole being formed of petrified human remains. Tue ornaments of the pedestal are made from the intestines, the claws with hearts, livers and lungs, the natural color of which is preserved. The table top is constructed of muscles artistically arranged, and it is bordered with upward of a hundred eyes, the effect of which is said to be highly artistic, since they retain all their lustre, and seem to follow the observer. Segatti died about filty years ago. He obtained his bodies from the hospitals, and indurated them by impregnation with mineral salts.

## AN APOLOGUE.

A certain king, in memory of a great deliverance, caused to be set up in a broad plain, a trophy, bearing a shield, of which one side was golden and the other silver. It changed one day that there entered on the plain two knights, each clad in full armor attended by his equire, coming from opposite directions. As they approached the shield, having first saluted one another, they remarked on the beauty of its design and the perfection of its workmanship, "The splendor of this golden shield," began the one,—"Hold there!" cried the other. "Hast thou eyes in thy head, and canst thou not see that it is eilver?" "One must be either a fool or blind," retorted the first. "not to see that it is of From words, they soon fell into pure gold." wrath, and from wrath came defiance to mortal combat. Having each taken his place as the law of arms required, they met with so true a shock that the lance of each was shivered to splinters on the other's shield, and their horses continued their course till each stood in the place which the other had occupied before. As they turned about to renew the combat, and called upon their respective squires for fresh weapons, they caught sight again of the shield which had been the cause of their quarrel. "Pardon my rash humor," said the first. "I see now clearly that the shield is of silver, as thou hast said." "And pardon me," replied the other; "for I now see that the side that thou didst look upon is golden. May God forgive us both, who, being brothers-in-arms, sworn to defend the innocent and redress all wrongs, have so violently fallen out by the way, and been near to shed one another's blood!". So these noble knights clasped hands in token of true brotherhood, and went their way. And when last seen, having slain many fees in stern and valiant fight, they were journeying together lovingly, in quest of the Holy Grail.

That fellow, Joiner, was here again. He wanted to know if I could settle that bill of Even a very young baby can be trained in wanted to know if I could settle that bill of good habits in a way that is surprising to any his for building my new house. I told him good habits in a way that is supplising to any his for building my new house. I told him of the beautiful face of his dead wife. Would have not done it. It its wants are at that he couldn't expect me to be as prompt as tended to at a certain hour every morning, a the house, that began to sattle in less than a beauty will selden soil a nation. I'm work a ter we moved into it.

# A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

CHAPTER XX .- Continued.

It was a bright May day; the windows of the pretty drawing room were open; the soft, warm breeze was laden with the fragrance of mignonette, Lady Grahame's favorite flower, The blinds were akifully arranged, so that a beautiful rosylight came from the siken hangings. It was really pretty picture; and Luoy Grahame, in her effective tollette, was pleasant o look upon.

to look upon.

"I will not read, my dear," she said, when
Miss Lowe suggested a book; "it makes me
so sleep and stupid. Give me that purse I am
netting; you can read about if you choose."

But not one word did Lady Grabame hear;
her thoughts were all upon the visitor whose coming she anticipated so anxiously. It was long since a blush of real pleasure had flushed her face, but there was one when she heard a loud and very imperative knock at the door. Her hand almost trembled when she rose to greet her admirer.

As Mr. Fulton stood there in the subdued

light of the May sun he locked a handsome man. The careless, debonair expression was still on his face, and the easy, graceful, languid manner had not deserted him. He was the same man that beneath the shade of the woods of Brynmar had wood Magdalen Hurst to her fate. There was no trace of that sad, passionate love story in his calm face; no trace of the felon's dock, the convict's cell, or the outlaw's doom. Bland and calm, gay and graceful, he looked like the Stephen Hurst who so many years ago was Lord Hutton's chosen friend."

The past was a dead letter to him; it lay buried in his wife's grave. At times the memory of Magoalen Hurst, with her beautiful face and passionate love, came before him, but only to be banished with a contemptions thought, or a grant and the memory of the second statement of the second statem a sneering smile at the wondrous love of women which bears all, and suffers all, and even in death hides all memory of wrong. He was not troubled with much of that commodity called heart. When he thought of Brynmar woods and the beautiful young girl he had woed there, it was with an impatient shrug at what he called

his own folly.

Stephen Hurst ought to have been a gentle-man. His father was one of the bravest officers in the English army, and died facing the enemy, leaving his wife and son to lament his

In simple truth, Stephen Hurst broke his mother's heart. Her hopes were all centred on him; she sent him to college, depriving herself of everything that he might have all.

He never did well. His college career was one course of drinking and disorder. He made friends there, for there was some charm about the man that few could resist. His handsome face, and gay, careless manner, his hearty laugh and genuine good spirits won for him many friends.

Lord Hutton was one of those who liked him

best. When his mother had laid down her life, thankful that its troubles were ended, Stephen Hurst lived for a time on the remnants of the fortune his father had left. He was a successful gambler, always winning, seldom losing; and he continued to associate with a fast set of men, and to live as they did. When he went down with Lord Hutton to Brynmar, Stephen Hurst had nearly come to the end of his purse. Then his downward career was easily accomplished. He married one of the prettiest and best girls in Scotland and broke her hears.

He forged the name of one who had once been his friend, and suffered the penalty of his crime. When he left England—a convict—all hope died out of his heart. He never believed it would be possible to retrieve his position.

Although his associates were the vilest of the vile Stephen Hurst did not fall into their ways. Although his associated with the series of t He was only twenty-nine; in ten years he would still be a comparatively young man. He sent for his wife, but when he saw her he hated her, because his sin and her shame had stricken the tair beauty of youth from her face He heard of the wonderful gold fields in Cali foruse, and when the time of his freedom came he went there, and succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. He amassed a fortune and returned to England, and his first step was to try to get rid of his beautiful, unhappy wife, who still re

mained where he had left her. Then he set to work to reconstruct his life. He was not afraid of recognition. Of the fast

In seventeen years the world undergoes great changes, and no one could have recognized in the handsome, bearded man, the ex-convict, Stephen Hurst. He took a large house, furnished it magoificently, and made his way in society. He was warmly welcomed there, and no one in London gave better bachelor dinners, or kept a more hosnitiable house. He had but one trouble—the vife he had learned to hate had discovered him; had met him in the public streets, and had cried out his name. To his relief, some months afterward, there came a letter from her, addressed to him by his newly-assumed name, bidding him farewell, as she had not many days longer to live. He then supposed she was dead, and broubled himself about her no more. He was free now to retrieve his mistake, to make for himself another life, for the past wa buried. He thought cometimes with a dull wonder of his child, half curious to know if it were living or dead. One thing was necessary to secure his position, and that was a good marriage. He did not want money, but connection. He must marry some one who could establish him securely in good society, and secure for him an entrée into circles that at present were closed to him. So when he heard of Lady Grahame he knew he had found what he wanted, and set himself to woo and win the pleasant, self-indul-

gent widow.
"I have been impatiently waiting the time when you gave me permission to call, Lady Grahame," said Mr. Fulton. "I never found

a day and night so long before."

Lady Grahame blushed and smiled. Cool, elegant woman of the world as she was, she did not feel at har case in the presence of this handsome stranger. He had bought the wonderful opal, and there was plenty of discussion over it. He did not say how it came into his possession, but it had been taken from the treasured genr of some great Indian Rajah. He showed the wondrous gleaming colors, the ever-changing tints, the hidden fire that seemed at times to flash ruby-red from its

depths.

"It should be set in pure, pale gold," said
Lady Grahame admiringly. "I have seen
many jewels. but none like this."

"I hope to have it made into a ring," said
""I hope to have it made into a ring," said Mr. Fulton, "if ever good fortune should favor my wishes, and I should marry; for that jewel will show to perfection on a fair, white

Lady Grahame involuntarily glauced at her own as he spoke, then blushed as she found his

eyes bent upon her.

There was so much to be said about the wonderful opal that it was luncheon time before the visit was half ended, and Mr. Fulton accepted Hady Grahame's invitation to join them. He was beginning to fall in love with his own scheme, and the more he saw of the lady, the more sure he felt that she above all others was best suited for him.

During the course of conversation, Mr. Ful-

ton found that Lady Grahame seemed to know every one, and go everywhere, and that the circles he sighed in vain to enter were open to

her.

"You have been abroad for many years, I I presume?" said Lady Grahame.

"Yes," said Mr. Eulton quietly. "Many years ago I went to seek my fortune; and I made it, and now wish to enjoy it."
"I should imagine the latter to be very easy," said Lady Grahame.
"Not so easy when one is quite alone," he replied sentimentally.

As he spoke there came across him a vision.

Would the spoke there came across him a vision.

He left Lady Grahame resolved to win her If she were his wife he felt that anything was

possible. With her influential connections he might appre to hold any office. Golden hopes hovered over him. Rank and position seemed to be within his grasp. His task lay straight before him; he had but to win Lady Grahame and his life would be one long success.

### CHAPTER XXI.

Considering his naturally indolent, ease-loving nature, Mr. Fulton certainly gave him-self some trouble in attaining his object. Ale spared no pains. If Lady Grahams went to the opera, he was sure to be seen in her box. Whatever ball or party she attended, he was invariably present. People began to say." If

whatever ball or party and appended, he were invariably present. People began to say if If you ask Lady Grahame, you must not forget. Mr. Fulton; he is her shadow.

Rars and magnificent bouquets found their way to her table, and Miss Lowe's office became a sinecure; but Mr. Fulton could not have waking much proposes. Lady cell if he were making much progress. Lady Grahame was always pleased to see him; and smiled over his bouquets, and enjoyed his con-versation; but she gave him no reason to hope that she would ever become his wife.

Innately prudent, now that there was a lover to whom no one could raise any objections, she to whom no one could raise any objections, she began to ask herself seriously whether a husband would not sally interfere with her love of comfort. She could not hope to be the first object of attention in the house if she married. A husband requires much waiting upon, much patience. Was it worth her while to give up her freedom, and take upon herself new chains? These thoughts made her pause before accepting Mr. Fulton, or even allowing him to appear as her lover; but it did not damp his ardor. It was something new and lowing nim so appear as ner lover; out it did not damp his ardor. It was something new and not uppleasing to him to meet with opposition. Magdalen had given her pure, young loving heart when he asked for it; she knew nothing

of coquetry, its thousand wiles and arts.

Lady Grahame could not have adopted any plan which would have enhanced her value

more in her eyes.

He gratified her vanity by seeking her advice; he told her how much he wished to be of service to his country; that he wanted to do something which would make him more worthy

something which would make him more worthy of winning a glorious prize. He wanted to purchase an estate that would give him some standing and influence in the country.

It so nappened that, just at that time, Squire Grenholme, of Grenholme Park, near Oulton, died, and the greater part of his property, consulting of land and houses in Oulton, was for alle. Mr. Fulton's religious. sale. Mr. Fulton's solicitors told him of it. The Hall would not be sold until the death of the squire's widow, now old aud infirm, but the other property was to be had as a great bargain. In the course of a few years, when that frail life ended, he could purchase the Hall, and would become, as Squire of Grenholme, a man of resiston and emissions.

Grenholme, a man of position and eminence.

The opportunity was too tempting to be lost.

The purchase was concluded, and Mr. Fulton found himself a large landowner, and possessor of numerous houses in the pretty town of Oulton and when all was arranged he went triumphant. ly to Lady Grahame, to tell her what he had

done.

"You have acted very wisely," she said;
"money is very well, but nothing gives one such a good standing as the possession of property. Did you say Oulton? L d Bayneham's estate is somewhere near there, is it not?"
"Yee," replied Mr. Fulton, who had carefully ascertained all the "bearing" of his new acquisition. "Bayneham Castle is about six

miles from the town. It is the chief place in the neighborhood, I believe." neighborhood, I believe."

"I should imag ne so," said Lady Grahame indifferently; "and if ever you should nurchase the Hall, Mr. Fulton, and become Squire of Grenholme, you will find them charming neighbors. The Dowager Lady Bayneham is one of my dearest friends. Her son is abcord just

"Yes," replied her ladyship; "he married last year one of the loveliest girls in England; they are in Italy now, I believe. The young Laty Bayneham will be one of our brightest stars. I never met any one so exquisitely lovely, graceful and refined."

Paul Fulton, as he styled himself, rejoiced to hear all this. He saw his way clearly now; and once Squire of Greenholme, husband of the fashionable widow, and near nairbhor of the

fashionable widow, and near neighbor of the young earl, he should attain the summit of his There came to him no solenn warning ; he

As time wore on, the fears that had slightly disturbed him passed away. No one recognized him. He met one of his old boon companions, who looked in his face and knew him not. He felt safe; there was no one living who could counce the fashionable man of the world, Paul Fulton, with the convict, Stephen Hurst. He grew proud of his respectability, and wondered how he could ever have been so blind and foolish as to fall into the depths of di-grace. He was now scrupulously honest and upright in his dealings; hospitable, gay, generous and universally popular. He would rather have died any death than have undergone the shame of having his former career made known. He placed an almost about value on the esteem of his fellow men. It was at his club that Bertie Carlyon made the acquaintance of Mr. Fulton. They became friends in some degree, although there was little in common between them. Bertie was gifted, and what is more rare, he was in-

uustrious. His works were eagerly read by the thoughtful men of the day. He was courted alike by wise men and beautiful women; for that Paul Fulton sought him. He was a rising man, whom to know was a great honor. So they dired together occassionally, met at their club, and discussed passing events, all unconscious of

the tragic link that bound them.

From Bertie Carlyon, as from Lady
Grahame, Paul Fulton heard warm praises of
the young lord's wife. He thought much of
his neighbors who were to be when he was
Squire of Grenholme. He was, in his incolent, lazy way, anxious to see the beautiful young countess, of whom all the world spoke, and spoke well. To Mr. Fulton Berrie confided spoke well. To Mr. Fulton Bertie confided his intense desire of entering into parliamen-

The borough of Oulton returns one member." said Mr. Fulton, "and from all the rumors floating now, I should imagine the country to be eve of a general election. I had some I thoughts of offering myself as a candidate; but I tell you what, Mr. Carlyon, introduce me to your friend, Lord Baynebam, and we will try if you cannot be returned as the Liberal member for Oulton. I have some influence there.

Bertie Carlyon grew intimate with, and even liked, the gay, good-humored man, who seemed so anxious to further his interest.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Under the blue Italian skies, where myrtles and citrons bloom, by the fair German Rhine, by the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland, and in the sunny plains of beautiful France, Lord Bayneham lingered with his young wife. He watched the pale, sweet face brighten gradually. He never suspected any mental suffering, and would have laughed at the idea. He believed his wife to be suffering for the order. his wife to be suffering from the effects of overexertion and too much excitement. Their winter at Bayneham had been a billiant one, and she had at Bayneham had been ab illiant one, and she had been a marvellous hostess. He blamed himself for not having sconer perceived her fatigue and languor; but in his own quiet, gentle way, he was doing his best to atone for it. He would not allow any fuss or ceremony. The countess had wished her daughter in-law to be presented at the different courts, and to mingle in the diplomatic circles of each capital they visited; but Lord Bayneham allowed none of this. She had seen emough, he declared, of the world of fashion, and now she should have quiet, and see someand now she should have quiet, and see some-thing of the grandeur and beauty of Nature.

Under the infigence of solemn and beautiful "I should most probably write you a long, sometry, and of gentle, loving care, which left kind lefter, bidding you take courage and never he morbid thought. Hidd gradually despit."

The same of solemn and beautiful why, Hilds, that must kind lefter, bidding you take courage and never he the centlement Lady Grahame was speaking to the morbid thought. She never forgot her secret; it was before her every hour of the day face flushing with uncontrol able secret; it was before her every hour of the day face flushing with uncontrol able secret.

and night, but its weight had grown less. The and night, but its weight had grown less. The grand, solemn beauty of nature gave her other thoughts. Everything did not begin and end in this world. She herself had done no wrong, and she knew not why this mysterious burden of sorrow had been laid upon her. High and Infinite Wisdom controlled every event of her life, and she found comfort in resignation. The evils of this world were lost in the great shadow of the everlasting hills. During the whole year they lingered among the fairest scenes of this fair earth. They spent Christmas in Florence, and the spring brought them home. scenes of this fair earth. They spent thrustmas in Florence, and the spring brought them home. Private letters and imblic papers brought to Lord Baymeham the news of a general election, and he knew then that his place was in England. They went at once to London, where the young, earl found, the leaders of his party anxiously awaiting him. New combinations were forming, great events loomed in the distance, and Lord Bayneham was saked if he had any influence in Oulton; if so, let him use it for the return of a Liberal member. He inquired somewhat carelessly if there was any candidate in the field, and he became all fire and interest when he heard that the man they were anxious to secure was no other than the great political writer, his dearest and best friend, Albert Carlyon.

"You may consider the election as good as

The state of the s

"You may consider the election as good as made," he said to his chief. "I shall go down to Bayneham and take Carlyon with me.
There will be but little opposition."
When that interview was ended Lord Bayneham rushed off in search of Bertie. He found

him busily engaged at the office and heartily pleased to see him. "We may hope Lady Bayneham and Miss Earle will now find their way to London," said Bertie; "they have been at Cowes, I under-stand, since Christmas."

"Dine with us to-morrow," said Lord Bayne ham," and you will see them both. They will be in town this evening. Now, Bertie, let us discuss business. What is this about the brough of Oulton? You know you may

safely reckon on my assistance."

Bertie then told his friend how anxious he Was to begin his parliamentary career.

'I feel that my vocation is essentially a political one," he said. 'I can serve my country honestly and well. Mr. Fulton, the new man who has purchased Squire Grenbolme's property, has promised to do all he can; and I think there is approximately.

erty, has promised to do all he can; and I think there is every chance of success."

"I am sure of it," said Lord Bayneham enthus astically. "I tell you what, Bertie, when the election comes on we will all go down to Bayneham together, and I will ask this friend of yours to join us. Lady Hilda and Miss Earle shall canvass for us. You will come in with a wonderful majority. You shall see if I am not a true prophet."

am not a true prophet."
"You are a true friend," said Bertie gratefully. "I should like to introduce Mr. Fulton

fully. "I should like to introduce Mr. Fulton to you. Shall you be at the club this evening?" "I will be there just for that purpose, even if I cannot remain," replied his friend. "You will come to morrow, Bertie?"

Trying to conceal his delight, Bertie promised, and Lord Bayneham went away.

'g brought the countess and Barbara, the latter radiant in health and spirits. They were both delighted at the change in Hilda. She had grown more beautiful during the year of secret sorrow, and thought gave fresh loveliness to her face, and the dark-violet eyes wore a new expression. She looked taller and more a new expression. She looked taller and more matronly, and in all England one could not have found a more perfect type of a young English wife.
"I did not think time could have added a

charm, Hilda," said Barbara Earle; "but it has managed to do so. Change of air and scene

Lady Bayneham gazed with proud pleasure at her son's wife. Even her critical eye could not see one fault or one cause for remark. They were a pleasant family party, and Lord Bayneham left them after dinner to go round to

Bertie introduced Mr. Fulton to him, and Lord B: yneham, who liked all pleasant thinge, was struck by his gay, easy, graceful manner, and his flow of conversation.

I have not many minutes this evening," he "I have not many minutes this evening," he said "Perhaps, Mr. Fulton, you will favor me with a call some time to-morrow; then we can discuss the Culton business at our lessure." That being settled, Lord Bayneham returned home. The ladies were pleased to hear of Bertie's prospects, for the handsome young secretary was a favorite with all. Barbara Earle made no verness but her face deaded. made no remark, but her face flushed and her eyes shone brightly. She looked screnely fair Then he set to work to reconstruct his life.

The strangest Table in the set to work to reconstruct his life. The strangest Table in the set to work to reconstruct his life. The strangest Table in the set to work to reconstruct his life. The strangest to him no soleun warning; he strangest to him no soleun warning; he sand calm. That we set he was not afraid of recognition. Of the fast which he must some day awaken; of this world his life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken; of this world his life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken; of this world his life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken; of this world his life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken; of this world his life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken; of this world his life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken; of this world his life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken; of this world his life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken; of this world his with her must some day awaken; of this world his life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken; of this world his life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken; of this world his present fast of the from his life.

The ne set to work to reconstruct his life.

Baynebam, and the present fast of the from his life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken. The room and calm. That we he dreaming or awake. The room and calm. That we he dreaming or awake. The room and calm. That we he dreaming to mim no soleun warning; he and calm. That we he dreaming to mim no soleun warning; he and calm. That we he dreaming to mim no soleun warning; he and calm. That we he dreaming to mim no soleun warning; he and calm. That we he dreaming to mim no soleun warning; he and calm. That we he dreaming to mim no soleun warning; he and calm. That we he dreaming to mim no soleun warning; he and calm. That we he dreaming to mim no soleun warning; he dreaming to mim no soleun warning; he dreaming to mim no soleun war something living, smiling as she did so at her own pleasant thoughts.

am always coming across old friends,' said Lord Bayneham to Hilda the day following. "I met your old admirer, Captain Massey, this morning; he is leaving England in the

autumn and will dine with us to-day."

It was a party of old friends who met that evening in Grosvenor Square. Lady Bayneham professed herself delighted to see Bertie. Barbara said little; her greeting was kind and gentle, but that did not satisfy the handsome secretary. Perhaps Captain Massey was less at his case than some of the others. He had dearly loved Lady Hutton's ward, and her merriage with Lord Bayneham had been a bitter blow to him; not that he thought himself worthy of her or that she gave him any encouragement. He loved her hope lessly and humbly. There were times when he raved against firtune and fate, wishing he were anything but a brave captain, with nothing but an honorable name to recommend him. After Hilda's marriage he left London, and had ju-t returned to make arrangements for leaving

returned to make arrangements for leaving England on a mission of some importance.

Then Lord Bayneham met him, and greeted him warmly, pressing him to waive all ceremony and dine with him. Captain Massey was sorely puzzled. He longed to gaze again upon the fact that had been the one start. sorely puzzled. He longed to gaze again upon the fair young face that had been the one star of his hope and love; he longed to see her in her own home, surrounded by luxury and love Then he could take the picture into exile with him and think of it when he felt dull and lonely. So he yielded, and went to dinner, looking with sad eyes upon the one face that bad been all the world to him. She welcomed him warmly and kindly, her little white hands outstretched to meet him. There was no thought of love or lovers in that pure, guileless heart. She had never known that he cared for ber.

And this man, who had loved the fair young girl so deeply and hopotessly, saw what others had never noticed. He read the expression of that face and those clear, true eyes more correctly than did those who lived with her.

She was even more beautiful than before her narriage, but the beauty was changed. The first fresh flush of youth and happiness had died out of it, never to return. He saw some-thing of constraint in the smiles that had once seemed ever to linger round her lips. He noticed that when she was neither speaking nor listening an expression of deep thoughtfulness came over her, and then Captain Massey said to himself that the woman he loved either had a secret or was not happy, he could not tell

"Barbara," said Bertie Carlyon to Miss

Earle, "you are very cruel to me.

Earle, "you are very cruel to me.
She opened her eyes in well-acted surprise.
"Five times," said be, "have I, presuming on your half consent, written to you; and never one word have you vouchsafed in reply. Will

you never write to me?"
"Yes," she replied; "if your maiden speech should be a good one I will write a note of congratulation."
"And if I fail—remember, I canno) control circumstances—and do not either make a speech or secure my seat, what shall you do then, Barbara—throw mei overboard altogether?"

"No," said Miss Earle slowly; In that case I

"that would mean a great deal, coming ir m you."
"You know my belief," said Miss Earle: "talent and perseverance must win, no combi-nations of circumstances can resist them. You

page it in you to bersevere, and win despite all obstacles."

"Thanks to you, Barbara," he replied; "you aronse me from a boy's folly to a man's deeds, and I shall owe all to you. I wonder if you will ever honor me by wearing that little golden apple you deigned to accept?" he added smilingly. "It was made expressly to be worn aniong those mysterious affairs which ladies call charms' and suspend to their chains."

Miss Earle made no reply, and Bertie was forced to be content with the concessions al.

forced to be convent with the concessions altered made.

"Hilds," said Lord Bayneham that evening to his wife, "we must be more careful this time than we were last winter; but as you are so much stronger and better, I thought of asking a few friends to Bayneham—what do you say?" Are you going thera?" she asked, trying to hide the fear shown both in her face and voice, hide the fear shown both in her face and voice.

"Yes," replied her husband, "we are bound this time on a patriotic expedition. The safety and well-being of the country demand the return of a Liberal member for Oulton. We hope Bertie will be successful, but he will require our aid. No bribery, mind; they are all free and independent voters; still what you and Barbara can do by the magic voice and smile may be safely accomplished."

Does Barbara go with us?" asked Lady Hilda.

Hilda.

"Yes," replied Lord Bayneham, "and my mother too. You will enjoy the canvassing. I must ask Bertia's friend, Mr. Fulton, and one or two more. You do not smile, Hilda; do you not like the prospect?"

"Why should I not?" she asked imply; "if I am only with you it matters little to me in

I am only with you, it matters little to me in what place."

"And you promise to smile, with all the "And you promise to smile, with all the fascination that you can command, upon the noble voters of Oulton?"

"I promise," said Hilda, "and I hope Bertie will get in. Do you know, Claude, I begin to think he cares for Barbara."

"I knew that, little wife, many years ago," said Lord Bayueham; "I should like to know if Barbara cares for him."

They said no more: but all that night there

if Barbara cares for him."

They said no more; but all that night there lay on Lady Hilda's mind a weight of dread, as of some coming heavy evil which she could not avert; and once in her sleep she sprung up wildly, crying, "Claude, do not go to Eayneham. I have dreamed that I lay dead there,"

## CHAPIER XXIII

"Will you go with us, Claude?" asked Lady "Will you go with us, Ulaude?" asked Lady Bayneham on the following morning. "I am going to take Hilda to call on Lady Grahame."
"I should be delighted," he replied; "but I have a gentleman—Mr. Fulton—coming on rather than the state of the ther important business; I must therefore de-fer the pleasure."

For the second time Lady Hilds heard that name uttered before her, and did not remember it. The carriage drove off, and she sat serene and smiling by Lady Bayneham's side. They saw a tall, handsome man go up the broad flight of steps, but no warning came to Hilds, no impulse or instinct told her that he was the man whose cruelty had doomed her mother to

death.
"I am glad you are come, Mr. Fulton, said
Lord Bayneham courteously; "we will go into
the library, as we shall require pens and paper
for our calculations."

The visitor followed his young host. Was it chance that directed Lord Bayneham there? The library was a grand apartment; its chief ornament was a magnificent picture of the property of the p chief ornament was a magnineent picture hanging over the mantelpiece. It was the portrait of Lady Hutton's ward, taken by the celebrated artist, Mr. Seaton, and valued by Lord Bayneham above all other treasures. The summer sunbeams fell slanting upon it, lighting the golden hair and beautiful face with a ing the golden hair and beautiful face with a bright radiance. It was a face to dream of, so pure, so fair, and lovely. The violet eyes and sweet lips smiled at you; the tender, innocent heart, the guileless, loving nature; sweetness, constancy and truth, were imprinted on every feature. The sunbeam was not brighter than

the sheen of the rippling golden hair. As Mr. Fulton entered the library his eyes fell upon the picture, and it startled him so much that he uttered a low cry. He went up and stood before it. He asked himself was he draaming or awake. The room, Lord Bayneham, and the present faded from him; he stood in Brynmar woods, under the cool shade at his passionate words, the fair young head dropped beneath his gaze. He was there woning Magdalen Hurst in the opening of her fair youth and beauty. It was but for a moment, and something dimmed the eyes that had long been dry. He started; what, was he, Paul Fulton, sentimental?—going to cry because a beautiful picture resembled his dead wife, mak-

ing a simpleton of himself for a painted face?
"You admire that painting?" said Lord
Bayueham; "it is considered an exquisite gem

'I—I—cnce knew some one whose face resembled this," stammered the visitor.
"Indeed!" said Lord Baynebam quietly; "she must have been very beautiful then."
"She was," replied Mr. Fulton; and then
there came across him a vision of his dead wife's

face as he had seen it last, white and worn with the misery and anquish of pain deeper than death. "That is my wife's portrait." said Lord Bayneham.
"The resemblance is accidental," said Mr. Fulton, "but it is certainly very strong; yet the person of whom I speak was not a lady."

smiling lips. In all that constitutes a perfect lady, his dead wife, Magdalen Hurst, was cer-tainly one. "Shall we proceed to business?" asked Lord Bayneham hastily. He was beginning to feel somewhat annoved at this handsome stranger who stood so admiringly before his wife's por-trait; besides, he did not like to hear that there

The false, mean wordsdid not blister his false,

had ever been another face like hers, it was peerless in his eyes. They entered warmly into their arrangements, and Lord Bayneham's passing annoy-

ance soon wore off. There was no resisting the handsome face, and gay, easy temper. Paul Fulton knew how to charm, and he soon won the liking of the noble, unsuspicious earl. He accepted with skilfully concealed delight the invitation to Bayneham Castle; it was the very thing that,

in his heart, he had longed for, but never hoped to gain.

"I am sorry that the ladies are not at home," said Lord Bayneham, "but you will see them at Bayneham. We think of going to-morrow or the day afterward. Would it be quite convenient for you to follow the income week from

venient for you to follow us in—say a week from now? Mr. Carlyon comes then. Mr. Fulton assumed an air of profound thought, which in a few minutes gave way to a bright smile.

It would suit him admirably, he said, as he had business in Wales afterward. He remained with Lord Bayneham for lunch, and there was no more said about business, but he proved himself to be one of the most amusing men the young lord ever remembered to have met. His anecdotes were inexhaustible, and his rich fund of with and his ways, kept Lord Bayneham conof wit and humor kept Lord Bayneham con-stantly amused and delighted.

"You have seen plenty of the world, Mr. Fulton," he remarked.
"Yes," said his visitor; "I have seen what.

is called life in most of its phases, and some of them strange ones."

They parted mutually pleased, and when Lady Bayusham and Hilda returned they found

the earl in high spirits over his late guest.

"You must know him, mother," he said, "You are sure to like him, and I am glad he is going to Bayneham. No fear of feel.

She paused and half turned her face from him.

"You would—what?" he oried, impatiently:
"don't torture me, Barbara."

"I should most probably write you a long, kind lotter, bidding you take courage and never despit."

Would you really to the face of the courtess of the continued; "why, Hilda, that must be the gentleman Lady Grahama was speaking of the has purchased the Grankolme was speaking of the courtess of the has purchased the Grankolme was speaking the courtess of the